

INTERIOR JOURNAL.

VOLUME II—NUMBER 22.

STANFORD, LINCOLN COUNTY, KENTUCKY, FRIDAY, AUGUST 8, 1873.

WHOLE NUMBER 74

THE INTERIOR JOURNAL
Is Published every Friday, in
STANFORD, KENTUCKY.
OFFICE—SOUTH SIDE MAIN STREET, (1st floor).
HILTON & CAMPBELL, Proprietors.

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various rates, a paper on a wide circulation,
and will do business with
advertisers, and will give preference always to
those who employ our columns in making
known their business to our hundreds of readers, and
do not want a man's money taken, we give him
the best business men in this country are represented
in our columns, and our paper often receives
advertisements under headings of great importance,
but are not meeting on the few principles—Inser-
tions to our readers, at lower rates than we charge
other papers, and charge all the
expenses of insertion, and that is why we
worry the attention of our readers. As an indica-
tion of our success, the JOURNAL has a large circulation in our
neighborhood, and more than all the other Kentucky newspapers
combined.

Advertising Rates given on application.

EDUCATIONAL.

PROCEEDINGS OF LAUREL COUNTY
TEACHERS' INSTITUTE.

Held in London, Ky., July 21st,
1873.

MORNING SESSION.

The Institute met in Laurel County
Seminary at 9 A. M.; called to order
by Mr. Boring, the former commissioner;
opened with prayer by Elder J. C. Floyd.

On motion, the acting commissioner,
Mr. S. C. Jackson, was unanimously
elected to the chair. A. L. Moren was
elected secretary, and J. F. Jackson as
assistant secretary. Prof. Boynton and
Boring, and Miss Kate Moore were ap-
pointed committee on programme. Miss
Minnie Pitman, J. H. Yoder and D. R. Brock,
were appointed committee on
music. Miss Minnie Pitman, Prof. Boring
and Boynton were appointed commit-
tee on resolutions. Prof. Boring and
S. C. Jackson were appointed committee
on entertainment. Names of members
were then enrolled.

Prof. Boynton being called upon, made
some remarks upon the object and work
of institute, followed by Prof. Boring
upon the same subject.

On motion, Institute adjourned to 1
P. M.

EVENING SESSION.

Institute met pursuant to adjourn-
ment. Called to order by chairman.
Calling of roll. Prof. Boring conducted
an exercise in primary arithmetic, fol-
lowed by Prof. Boynton on the same
subject. Prof. Boynton showed his
method of teaching oral grammar.

Recess ten minutes, after which a song,
by the London choir, conducted by Elder
R. L. Ewell. Query box was then
opened, and questions answered. Pro-
gramme read for following day, when,
on motion, meeting adjourned to Tues-
day, 8 A. M.

TUESDAY, July 22d, 1873.

MORNING SESSION.

Institute met at 8 A. M.; called to
order by chairman; opened with prayer
by Elder R. L. Ewell; minutes of pre-
vious meeting read. A general invita-
tion was extended by the chairman to
all persons not teachers, to become hono-
rary members of the Institute, when the
following names were enrolled, viz: R.
L. Ewell, W. L. Brown, Miss Alice Ewell,
Miss Ida Thompson, Miss Lottie Miller
and J. D. Smith. Prof. Boynton
not being present, the time allotted him
on grammar was occupied by Elder R.
L. Ewell, in an address to the Institute.
This was followed by a lecture and black-
board exercises on decimal fractions, by
V. Boring. Re却es ten minutes.

Music followed by the choir, conduct-
ed by James H. Faris. Miss Kate
Moore conducted an exercise in reading,
reflecting much credit upon her. An inter-
esting exercise in spelling, by Miss
Minnie Pitman followed. An essay was
then read by J. F. Jackson, subject—
"Relations of Amusement and Business."
On motion, adjourned till 1 o'clock, P.
M.

EVENING SESSION.

Institute met according to adjourn-
ment. Vocal music conducted by Hon. C. B. Faris. The
early part of the evening session was occu-
pied in a general discussion upon prac-
tical teaching, participated in by W. S.
Young, Prof. Boring, C. B. Faris and
Elder J. C. Floyd. Re却es followed by
music conducted by Prof. Boynton. A
lecture with blackboard exercises on re-
duction of compound numbers, was given
by Prof. Boynton. Query box was then
opened, and questions answered. Pro-
gramme read, while meeting was ad-
journed by the chairmen to Wednesday
morning, 9 A. M.

WEDNESDAY, July 23d, 1873.

MORNING SESSION.

Institute met pursuant to adjournment.
Called to order by chairman; calling of
roll; prayer by Prof. Boring; music
conducted by J. H. Faris. The chair-
man necessarily absent, V. Boring was
chosen president pro tem.

A portion of the morning session was

occupied with unfinished business, after
which Miss Minnie Pitman read an essay
upon "Home Education." Re却es ten
minutes.

Vocal music conducted by Prof. Boynton,
who then gave a lecture with black-
board exercises, on longitude and time.
Prof. Fee followed with a short exercise
in grammar, and some remarks upon
morals, in connection with teaching. In-
stitute adjourned to 1 P. M.

EVENING SESSION.

Rev. J. G. Fee addressed the Institute
upon the subject of education. He was
followed by Prof. Boynton and Boring,
and Hon. Robert Boyd. Re却es ten
minutes.

After recess, the query box was open-
ed, and the remainder of the evening de-
voted to answering questions.

Adjourned till Thursday morning, 9
A. M.

THURSDAY, July 24th, 1873.

MORNING SESSION.

Institute met at 9 A. M. Vocal music
conducted by Elder J. C. Floyd; prayer
by Prof. Boring; Declaration on "The
Future of the United States," by Edward
Parker. Lectures and exercises at black-
board on phonetics, by Prof. Boring.
Remarks on same subject, by Prof. Cook.
Re却es ten minutes.

Music conducted by J. H. Faris. A
class exercise in reading was then given,
by E. S. Jones. An essay on "The Cul-
tivation of the Mind," followed, by J. H.
Yoder. J. F. Jackson then gave the
Institute his method of teaching geogra-
phy. Miss Kate Moore conducted a re-
citation in primary arithmetic, after
which the Institute adjourned to 1 P. M.

EVENING SESSION.

Music conducted by Elder R. L. Ewell.
The Rev. J. G. Fee entertained the
instant by a lecture upon Temperance,
accompanied with charts showing the
appearance of the interior of the stomach
in the various stages of dissipation. The
lecture was scientific and moral in its
scope, and was delivered in Mr. Fee's
usually impressive manner.

On motion of Prof. Boring, a vote of
thanks was unanimously passed by the
Institute to Rev. Mr. Fee, for his scien-
tific lectures upon Intemperance to-day,
and upon "Liberal Education" yesterday.

Prof. Boynton then addressed the Insti-
tute and the citizens present, upon his
contemplated school in London. He
said that he had come to reside among
them as a citizen, and proposed to estab-
lish a school that should meet the gen-
eral demands of Laurel and the adjoining
counties. He had declined other and
more lucrative situations, with a view to
acquiring a greater amount of good
for the cause of education, to which, for
many years, he had devoted himself. He
showed that the interests of the school
and of the people were identical; that
the work of building it up was not his
work alone, but the work of all good and
enterprising citizens, and called upon
them all to lend a hand to its support in
the beginning. Re却es was then given.

After recess, Prof. Boynton lectured
upon penmanship, and illustrated at the
blackboard his method of teaching it
in school. He then gave an Algebraic de-
monstration. Query box was then
opened, and questions answered. Pro-
gramme read for following day, when,
on motion, meeting adjourned to Tues-
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morals, in connection with teaching. In-
stitute adjourned to 1 P. M.

An essay on school discipline was
read by Prof. Boynton, after which a
general discussion was held by the mem-
bers of the Institute, upon the subject of
the essay read. Miss Minnie Pitman,
the committee on resolutions, read the
report which we append below, * which
was unanimously adopted.

On motion of Prof. Boring, it was re-
solved that a two days' Institute be held
on the second Friday and Saturday in
October, to which time, by motion, the
Institute adjourned.

S. C. JACKSON, Chairman.
A. L. MOREN, Secretary.
* Not received by publishers.

FROM KANSAS.

Correspondence Interior Journal.

ELKHORN, KANSAS, July 27, 1873.

At time rolls on, day by day and
month by month, we observe, with sur-
prise and satisfaction, the rapid develop-
ment of the "Great and glorious West."
Surprise, because only twenty years ago
all this State, and, in fact, most of the
territory west of the Mississippi was a
howling wilderness, untrod by the
white man, except occasionally by a for-
aging party deployed from one of the
numerous trains on the overland route,
and, perhaps, occasionally, by the daring
trapper, armed with four horse pistols, a rifle,
a jing of rum, and ten pounds of tobacco.
We are all inclined to be filled with
wonder when we contemplate this
little bit of history, and we all view the
rapid transition from savage wildness to
architectural grandeur and agricultural
perfection with satisfaction, because ev-
ery acre of land in this vast domain that
is rescued from its native wildness and
utilized for the good of man, adds that
much to the glory of our republic. Every
foot of railroad, every machine shop,
every brick that passes through its res-
pective kiln into the hands of the mason,
every fence, every bridge, every bushel of
coal that is unearthed, even every
lightning rod, adds its little mite to
constructing the grandest monument
the world ever knew—the Ameri-
can Republic.

But it is about Kansas in particular,
that I propose to write. Since my last
letter to the JOURNAL, many interesting
events have occurred in Kansas, which
will engage the attention of those who
contemplate a Kansas home in the future,
and I cannot do better than to enume-
rate a few of the most important

RAILROADS.

Perhaps the completion of the A. T. & S. F. R. R. to the west line of the State, has done more than anything else toward the development of the western part of the State. It has been instrumental in attracting a considerable amount of foreign capital, principally English, into the State, both as regards finances and muscle. It has opened up a new and competing route for the cattlemen of the "Great American Desert," and also a good route for the yaller-haired Texans. It brings the settlers of the Arkansas Land District in proximity to the balance of the world, and confers many other advantages upon southern and western Kansas, which are incalculable in their value. There are other railroads projected which are only waiting the anticipated relaxation of the
money market for their construction, among which is the Saint Joseph, Kansas & Texas, a line from St. Jo., Mo., through eight counties in Kansas, southward to the Indian Territory. This route claims a merit that it is to be a people's line, to be owned only by the counties which subscribe for its stock, and is to be a Kansas institution strictly. Its purpose is to organize in the interest of the reform movement, and prosecute the enterprise to an ultimate glorious success. Another thing that adds to the shade of our shady side, is

HIGH TAXES.

Taxes range from 2 per cent. up to 5,
and occasionally as high as 7 per cent.,
or 7 on the \$100. My old Lincoln
county friends will open their eyes at
this statement. Ye who also grumble at
the high taxes of your state, think of us
and be sorry for us—the just for the un-
just—by being at the mercy of the
usurer, and everybody who lends money,
this State, does so aturious rates.

Another thing that adds to the shade of
our shade side, is

THE UPRISE OF THE FARMERS.

All over Kansas comes the cry of
"Down with monopolies!" The farmers
are strictly "on it," and are determined.
The movement is general. Grangers
of the "Patrons of Husbandry" are being
organized all over the State, and the
movement has promise of success. The
State Farmers' Convention last spring,
has made itself heard on every tillable
soil of the State, and has in-
stituted into the breasts of the oppressed
of all, a determination to throw off
the yoke which railroad corporations
and other monopolies have enforced
upon them all these years. They have
not forgotten that, at the ballot-box,
they wield a powerful lever, and they pur-
pose to use it to overturning the iniqui-
ties and the infamies of the aforesaid
monopolies. Now, while the writer is
in sympathy with the movement, he can
but think that the transition is too much
on the extreme. He fears the move-
ment is too rapid, and will tend to self-
exhaustion before the desired end is ac-
complished. For instance: The granges
are endeavoring to regulate the prices of
groceries, and want them so low, that no
man can afford to handle them. When-
ever they thin out the competition in
the grocery trade, they place them-
selves at the mercy of a monopoly again.
Any man ought to see that a man
cannot handle groceries on a margin of

10 per cent. when he is at the mercy of
railroads with their exorbitant freights.
But I am told that the grangers insist
that the men who sell them groceries,
shall show this invoices, and they will
figure his little 10 per cent. for him.
This is "spunk," but a little "too thin"
for this country. Another interesting
event is,

THE LARGEST CROP EVER KNOWN
IN KANSAS. The land literally teams
with grain. Everybody has wheat, oats
and rye. Everybody says "corn is made"
and plenty of it; and consequently ev-
erybody is happy. I met a man a few
days ago, who lives a few miles south of
this place, and who, in the course of con-
versation, informed me he was going
east. I thought, of course, he was tired
of this country, and was leaving for a
better; but he soon put all such ideas as
that he had harvested his wheat, and that it had
yielded a little over 21 bushels to the acre.
That he had enough oats from the same
acre to keep a livery stable in
order for a year, and that he had one hundred
and ten acres of the best corn in the Valley,
and that he had a contract to winter five hundred
head of cattle there. I asked him what he
had to do with the rest of his wheat.
He said, "I have enough to feed my
family, and to have a little extra to
sell." I asked him if he had any more
than that. He said, "Yes, I have a
little extra to sell." I asked him if he
had any more than that. He said, "Yes, I have a
little extra to sell." I asked him if he
had any more than that. He said, "Yes, I have a
little extra to sell."

J. P. CAMPBELL.

For the Interior Journal.

THE WEATHER.

B. A. FOULE.

"Mid all the trials and tribulations of
earth, I have never lost faith in an over-
ruling Providence. But, I tell you,
some few nights past have shaken me
terribly. I am of the decided opinion
that all things are for the best, but am,
also, firmly established in the belief that
some things are inexplicable.

The days are warm, but the nights
are almost insupportable as the sun sinks
behind the western hills we wrap
ourselves in, and the little breezes that fan
us through the day and leaving not
a breath of air he sinks upon his couch.<br

INTERIOR JOURNAL.

D. W. DILTON,
F. J. CAMPBELL, Editors and Pro's

FRIDAY, AUGUST 1, 1873.



The lesson which the result of the recent election teaches is one that should not, and we trust will not, soon be forgotten. It has stamped the futile efforts of disorganization with the brand of public condemnation. We write in no spirit of anger to those of the democratic party who were led astray by the so-called independent candidates. Many of them are sincere in their attachment to the interests and measures of their party, but were blinded by the dreams of their promotion. As we commonly say, in our charitable mood, there was an "error of the head, and not of the heart." But in the light of events just passed, they may now be enabled to see the faults of their waywardness, as well as the powerful fact, that the great majority of the democratic party cannot be seduced into a support either of disorganizers or disorganization.

Without intending to twist or taunt those who were betrayed into the attempt to defeat the democratic nominations by supporting independent candidates, we say to them, candidly, that their game is a played-out farce. If they are true democrats, they should adhere to their party; if not, they should go to the radicals. They must choose whom they serve, God or mammon! Without possessing any special authority, other than that which comes from our constituting an integral part of the party, we invite them to again coalesce with the democracy in its organized form—organized to effect a reformation in the politics of the whole country—organized to put down the corruption in high places.

W. C. GOODLUE, the Republican candidate for the State Senate in the Lexington District, has received a small majority—about twenty-six votes—over his Democratic competitor the Hon. Ed. Woodbridge. It is, however, claimed that the negroes in one precinct of Jessamine county, took forcible possession of the polls, and prohibited divers Democrats from voting. The judge refused to sign the poll book; and consequently, the examining board, having no discretion or power to hear any extraneous testimony or to count the vote of a poll book not identified and authenticated by the certificate of the judges of an election, the poll of this precinct will be disregarded. If the result should be thereby changed, the burden of the contest will be thrown on Goodlue. The examining board possesses no power to inquire into the cause of disturbance, or to ascertain who, in fact, received the majority, except as such fact is made appear by the poll books themselves duly authenticated. All extraneous matters are solvable by the contesting board, which alone has power to hear testimony. If Goodlue is fairly elected, we are unutterably opposed to his exclusion from the Senate by force of any mere technicality. The will of the qualified voters of the district should be ascertained as fairly and as thoroughly as may be done, and when ascertained should prevail. The Senate of Kentucky will never, according to our judgment, seek a pretense to eject Senator from his seat, by force of a mere technicality, simply because that Senator is a political enemy. Goodlue is a gentleman in all respects. His zeal for his party is commendable, how much sooner we may condemn the judgment that supports it. In anticipation of a contest between him and his opponent, without now knowing who is in the right, we ask for him in simple justice a fair hearing and impartial judgment.

The "Reform Club," in Louisville, composed of independent, disorganizing democrats and radicals, met with an overwhelming defeat in the city of Louisville last Monday. The democratic party in the city of Louisville, as well as in many other parts of the State, is plethoric. Out of the great amount of material which composes it, there must of course be a few rotten tinders. These timber are invariably thrusting themselves forward to be used for kindling stuff. When refused a prominent position on account of unworthiness, they (dropping the metaphor) rush off into a little game of disorganization. They set up a side show of their own, invite a banjo-picker, bone-rattler and dancer from the radical party, and advertise as the GREAT COMBINED MORAL REFORM EXHIBITION!

Of course nobody is deceived who takes pains to learn the objects and purposes of the side show, which is to make a few extra dimes to buy the drinks, and the great reform exhibitors come to grief. Louisville is not alone in this sad affliction. In Central Kentucky, the same prospectus and hand-bills were put forth, the show came off, but did not pay expenses.

Our Doom!

Mr. Varnon is elected by a handsome majority. Now, we claim that we have done more to get up this vote for him than any other paper in the district. We showed to the people that there was "sympathy" and they moved themselves.—*Lancaster News.*

OH!—HOW—THINN!

We have not been enabled to get official returns from Boyle, Garrard, 68; Casey, 30; Lincoln, 498. Sned's majority in Boyle, 71.

VICTORY!

To the Friends of Temperance.
The battle is over. A majority of the votes cast on Monday last gave victory to the cause of intemperance. But such a victory! Is it one that will add lustre and glory to the name of proud old Lincoln? Is it one of which any human soul can feel a pure emotion of satisfaction? Is it a victory that proclaims the incoming of joy and gladness to homes made desolate by drunkenness? Does it proclaim man's emancipation from the dominion of sin and degradation? Or is it not rather the victory of iniquity, whereby the chains are finally forged, with which to bind our children and neighbor's children, in a slavery more cruel than earthly despotism ever knew? But the responsibility of Monday's conflict is not upon you. As you witness the poor inebriate staggering around the door of legalized tipping shops, poisoning the very air with his stupid oaths, the sweet consciousness will be yours, that you are no partner to the crime; that by your vote you did all that the law enabled you to do to dry up this fountain of corruption, and remove the cause of drunkenness. As you may read of crime after crime, of every hue and color, resulting from legalized dram-shops, and as criminals are incarcerated in prisons for deeds done under the mad-dening influence of whisky, the infinite pleasure will be yours, to realize in your very heart, that you are "innocent of this great transgression;" no stain of all this terrible guilt attaches to you. For had we cast our vote in favor of whisky, or claimed to stand on neutral ground, and our own child should lose his life by the hand of violence, nerved to the deed by legalized whisky, we could never rid our conscience of the conviction, that we shared in the guilt of his shed blood? How others may feel is not ours to affirm—they and their God may settle that.

The battle of Monday is over; but its results are not over! Nor will we, who participated in that engagement, ever witness on earth, all of the results of that day's work. The stone cast into the stream, passes in instant beneath its surface, and soon rests quietly upon its bottom, but, above it there are innumerable widening circles of waves, enlarging and advancing onward until they exhaust themselves upon either shore. So was the vote of Monday last in Lincoln. The actors of that day, one by one, will sink beneath the cold waters of death's dark river, and rest quietly in the unseen, but above them and around the deeds of Monday, there will appear visible and innumerable widening waves of moral good or evil, whose increasing circles shall find no limit, until they bear their mighty results to the Eternal Shores.

You then, by your vote against whisky, have formally separated yourselves from all the crime and degradation and guilt that may flow from legalized whisky, in the county of Lincoln—nevertheless you are to be taxed and re-taxed and taxed again, to pay the expenses of prisoners and criminals, made such by the whisky vote of last Monday. Justice, could she reign contemporaneous with whisky, would modify this levy somewhat, and require of every man according as his works had been. But those who voted for whisky have generally relieved you of all the moral burdens connected with the whisky traffic. They have assumed the moral responsibility of running whisky houses and setting all moral accounts their God and country may bring against them. They have bravely said "let the blood, caused by whisky, be upon us and upon our children," forever. Surely this is responsibility enough. And is not this terrible responsibility some of the fruits of their victory last Monday? May such a victory never be yours. For the honest effort you made, to abolish the retail of whisky in Lincoln county, you have the approval of your conscience and your God. Your name stands upon the records of your country against crime, and in favor of peace, prosperity, virtue, morality and good will among men. Of that record you can never be ashamed. A nobler, better, truer vote for the elevation of your fellow-men for the elevation of God, you never cast. You have done well.

You have only made one effort, and that a feeble one; yet we almost succeeded! Had we known our own strength, we could have triumphed even now! But the little effort we have made only demonstrates the absolute certainty of success in the future.

It is known to all, whom it may concern, that our bauer yet waves above unbroken column of brave hearts that never intend to surrender. Our plea, the plea of man's right to live uncured by the dominion of whisky, shall be heard by the people of Lincoln, white and colored; and on the first Monday of August, 1874, we expect an overwhelming majority to be given against legalized drunkenness.

H. C. BAKER, the editor of the Columbia Spectator, and a very efficient lawyer, has been elected to the legislature from Adair county. Adair has been creditably represented for the past few years, by Hindman and Garnett, and he seems determined to sustain her reputation. Baker will rank among the foremost of his age in that body. He excels either as a writer or public speaker, and but for his extreme modesty, would soon give himself a prominent place.

The Covington Journal, referring to the negotiations that have been opened between the Trustees of the Cincinnati Southern road and the Director of the Short-Line, says: "This action, though not conclusive, indicates that the ridge route (Williamson and Georgetown) has been determined upon. The Trustees have applied to the City Council of Covington for the right of way over certain streets in that city. This begins to look a little like business."

THE SEVENTEENTH DISTRICT.

Our Democratic neighbors of the Seventeenth Senatorial District, composed of the counties of Pulaski and Wayne, have suffered an inglorious defeat. Hunker, the Republican candidate, carried Pulaski county by a majority, varying between six hundred and seven hundred votes, while the majority of Salles did not reach two hundred in Wayne. It may be entirely gratuitous on our part to style this a Democratic defeat, though certainly it is a Republican victory. We are not advised what banner Salles fought under during the campaign; our sources of information are different, and the reports, therefore, almost necessarily contradictory. Our advice is, that Salles refrained to style himself a Democrat, nor would he avow himself a Radical.—Running, however, as the opponent of the Republican nominee, he received the partial support only of the Democracy. Without the cordial and united support of the Democratic party, coupled with some strength from the Radicals, it was impossible that he should have been elected.

Hunker, the successful aspirant, is a Radical of the strictest sect. Though an ordinarily good observer of current events, he failed to take note, at the time of its happening, that the war ended eight years ago. Either this or his memory has failed him. His war cry is death to rebels. And no paint-brushed Shawnee ever gave his war-whoop with half the spirit of Hunker when he screams, death to treason! But Hunker has good parts in common with all men. He is familiar in politics, but kindly and forbearing in his social relations. They say he raped the Pulaski Radicals into nominating him, and if he will now only rape his party into doing good work, we, with due praise, shall say, "well done, thou good and faithful servant!"

The executive committee of Kentucky University has tendered the position of professor in the Bible college to Elder T. A. Arnold, of the Lexington Main street Christian church, vice Professor McGarvey, deposed.

EDUCATIONAL.

DAUGHTER'S COLLEGE,

HARRISBURG, KY.,

With the result of the elections of June 10, 1873, Mrs. Davies should be appointed to the professorship of Latin, Greek, French, German, &c. Mrs. Davies, Principal, Stanford, Ky.

STANFORD FEMALE COLLEGE,

MAIN STREET.

With a full corps of teachers, will re-open on

Monday, September 8, 1873.

With increased advantages.

TERMS for boarders, per session of six months or twelve weeks, from \$65 to \$105. Agents—Mrs. Davies, Principal, Stanford, Lincoln County, Kentucky.

Mrs. SALLY TRUEHEART, Principal.

STANFORD MALE SEMINARY.

A NOTHER NEW STOCK

—OP—

Staple and Fancy Dry Goods

Just received at

E. B. HAYDEN'S.

Main Street,

STANFORD, KENTUCKY.

ALL SELLING VERY CHEAP.

New Styles and Fabrics in Dress Goods!!

An Elegant Stock of

HAMBERG EDGINGS and INSERTING,

Standard Trimmings,

LINENS, COLLARS, RUFFLINGS, ETC.

A New Stock of Summer Goods, In

Linens, Cassimeres, Cloths, &c.

FURNITURE!

Wall-paper and Window-shades!

CARPETS, OIL-CLOTHS,

—AND—

HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS!!

Name is hereby given to the public that the partnerships heretofore existing between G. E. Waters & E. B. Caldwell, under the names of Waters & Co., and Caldwell & Waters, are dissolved. They having sold their stock and good will to Mr. Wm. D. Denning, who will conduct the grocery business in the same building, and will give us preference in the sale of our goods. We will be pleased to receive all orders for our goods, and a respectfully request all persons who are engaged in the grocery business to do the same.

G. E. WATERS, E. B. CALDWELL.

Stanford, Ky., July 22, 1873.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

LOST BREASTPIN!

On the street between my shop and residence, a gold brooch pin is lost on an avvill with a bowtie top. The owner of the brooch is sincerely rewarded by James H. Wallace.

7-17

JAMES H. WALLACE.

CHALDWELL FEMALE INSTITUTE.

CHALDWELL, KENTUCKY.

A Strictly Choice Stock of

MILLINERY

—AND—

Fancy Goods,

ADAPTED TO THE SEASON,

ALWAYS ON HANDS.

MRS. M. L. BEAZLEY,

Church street near the Depot,

STANFORD, KENTUCKY.

—

Crab Orchard, Kentucky.

The Summer Meeting will commence on

TUESDAY the 19th of AUGUST, 1873, and continue five days.

TERMINATE WITH A FIREWORKS DISPLAY.

For Catalogue, &c., apply to

REV. T. G. BARBOUR, Principal.

TRAILOR & SON'S

Second Annual Exhibition

—OF THE—

Anderson, Franklin and Salvisa

AGRICULTURAL AND MECHANICAL

ASSOCIATION,

Will be held on the grounds of the Association, near

Laurensburg, Kentucky, commencing on

TUESDAY, AUGUST 19, 1873

and continue five days. The list of premiums is

now ready.

W. C. NELSON, Sec'y.

7-17

O. B. WHEAT, President.

DRY GOODS.

CRAIG & McALISTER,

North Side of Main Street, first door above Commer-

cial Hotel,

STANFORD, KENTUCKY.

—

DEALER IN

MILLINERY

Under the management of

Mrs. J. B. Dennis.

A FULL STOCK OF

MILLINERY GOODS, TRIMMINGS,

NOTIONS

—AND—

FANCY GOODS.

LOUISVILLE ADVERTISEMENTS.

H. C. WILSON,

—WITH—

PIATT & ALLEN.

Wholesale Boots and Shoes,

No. 14 Main Street, between Sixth and Seventh.

FOOT DOORS WEST of Louisville Hotel.

50-60 LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY.

W. H. PIATT, & CO.

JO. D. ALLEN.

INTERIOR JOURNAL.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 11, 1873.

LINCOLN COUNTY NEWS.

By our Special Correspondent.

CRAB ORCHARD.

The peace and quiet again reigns over our village the basement over the election having subsided, and the contestants and their friends are now engaged in "clapping hands over the blinding chasm." In the race for Representative, the contest was intense; both parties fought with unflinching zeal for their favorite—*the negro vote* being divided, but the majority voting for Boldt. Boldt's majority in this precinct was 230. The citizens of the town and vicinity, generally, voted against whisky, feeling that in so doing they were arraying themselves against an evil which is de-moralizing one town and country; the country citizens and the negroes went almost unanimously in favor of whisky, making a majority of 125 against the law. Small majority.

A person who takes a paper from the post office, or the publisher may continue to do so.

If a person sells his paper discontinued, he must pay all the expenses, or the publisher may continue to do so.

If the subscriber orders his paper to be stopped at once, it is bound to pay for it till he takes it from the post office. The law provides upon the ground that a

The towns have decided that refusing to take newspapers and periodicals from the post office, or re-

turning them to the publisher, is illegal.

No evidence of intentional fraud.

LOCAL BREVIETIES.

No disturbances here last Monday worthy of note.

Watermelons were abundant in the market last Monday.

The bridge across the Ohio on the Somer-set pike is in a shaky condition.

A nocturnal Somerset church-contribution thief is preparing for a hotch-horch.

A Western minister preached last Sunday upon the morals of billiards and pigeons-hole.

The matrimonial record for July is very slim, only three licenses issued in the county.

So far as we have heard, the election passed off quietly in all parts of this county and district.

A couple of young friends report a pleasant stay at a quiet spot given by Miss Sallie Varnon Tuesday evening.

Whisky played a large hand in the election here last Monday. Not less than one hundred men were "how-some-you-ous."

The Texas cattle disease is raging terribly in Davies county, Mo., and in some places the prairies are strewn with the dead and sick.

A contemporary, speaking of the difficulty of a newspaper editor pleasing everybody, says:

"Even if one sounded the praise of his Maker, the devil would be offended."

Our town is full of the most prodigious and ferocious bull-fighters that ever harassed the mind and irritated the body of man. They are industrious, persistent and omnipotent.

Mr. Green bright has promised to give us the exact weight and measurement of his wonderful mammoth steer. He is now 173 hands high, six years old, and weighs close to 3,000 pounds.

Moonlight picnics are in vogue in several parts of the State, and they are considered the most entertaining "evening soiree." Young gentlemen, go to work and lets have a moon-light fete clambake.

Any person sending us five subscribers and ten dollars will receive a copy of the Journal as one year gratuitously. Any little girl or boy in the country can earn a paper a whole year in a few hours.

Through the kindness of a friend, we are enabled to publish in this issue for the benefit of our numerous readers, who are interested in the matter, a full list of premiums awarded at the late fair at this place.

Mr. James S. Bruce, of the far-famed Dix river neighborhood, advertises for sale a rick of ragweed and half-a-bushel a bushel each fall season. There is some wheat straw in it—but not enough to injure the weeds.

It is a problem for the boys. A and B dissolve partnership, and they have cash on hand \$1,000—no other assets. A owes the concern \$1,000, and the concern owes \$1,000. How shall they divide? Answer through the JOURNAL.

Through the exertions of our agents, and the opportunities afforded us of soliciting, lately, we have the pleasure of noting an increase of seventy-old names to our subscription list since July 25th, and several agents yet to hear from.

Last season we called the attention of our farmers to the splendid record made by C. Traylor & Son's steam threshers, "Longfellow." It is out on the ring this week, making the most remarkable time on record. If you patronize Longfellow you lose no time in repairing, etc.

One of our Wayne county friends was here with a choice lot of fat hogs last week, and experienced great inconvenience in procuring cars to ship them. We hope the railroad company will find it to their interest to extend some little accommodation to the stock shippers at this point the cooling season.

One of our best exchanges is published at Mayville, De Kalb county, Missouri, edited by H. D. Butt, a former Kentuckian. If any of his old Kentucky friends desire a good family paper that contains each week all the general news, and all important Missouri news, we advise them to send \$1.50 for the Register.

In the neighborhood of "Sugar Loaf," a few miles south of Stanford, on Saturday last, a party of men and boys, under the influences of distilled whisky, got into a general melee, in which knives were used freely, resulting in the wounding of Link Farmer, Tobe Farmer and West Martin. Some of the wounds are serious.

Another editor claims our photographer. This from the Shellyville Courier: "John W. Williams a citizen of our village, is he not only one of the best photographers in the West, but he is one of the cleverest man. May he be appreciated wherever he may anchor his banner, and prosperity shine upon him. He does it."

Our attention was called to two buggies recently repaired and repainted at the Stanford Carriage Manufactory, one belonging to Mr. Ed. McCarty, and the other to W. T. Hauglin, and pronounce them the handsomest wheels that run our streets. Mr. James Cook the painter, and he is permanently associated with Mr. Bush, the proprietor of the carriage manufactory.

The second annual exhibition of the Anderson Franklin and Navas Agricultural and Mechanical Association, will be held on the grounds of the Association, near Lawrenceburg, Ky., commencing on Tuesday, August 19th, 1873, and continue four days. The liberal spirit heretofore manifested by the Association, and its success in the past warrant us in saying that the approaching exhibition will prove as interesting as any in the State. See card elsewhere.

Joe Cook, Hardware Merchant, 10th October, W. C. Jones, 11th, Bryant, 12th, McRae, 13th, Jones, 14th, Hill, 15th, McRae, 16th, J. F. Jones, 17th, Ferguson, 18th, B. Austin, 19th, Gandy, 20th, Thompson, 21st, Tammerville.

Newspaper Laws.

We would call the special attention of publishers and subscribers in the following synopsis of the news-papers.

A postmaster is required to give notice by letter (including a paper does not answer the law) when a subscriber does not take his paper, and the publisher is required to give notice to the postmaster, and a copy of the paper to the postmaster to the publisher.

A person who takes a paper from the post office, or the publisher may continue to do so.

If a person sells his paper discontinued, he must pay all the expenses, or the publisher may continue to do so.

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No evidence of intentional fraud.

PULASKI COLUMN.

EDITED BY WILL. C. CURD.

BONNEVILLE, KY., August 4, 1873.

THE CIRCUUS AT BONNEVILLE.

All communications, either of an editorial or business character, should be addressed to HILTON A. LAMPHIER, 10th Street, Standard, Ky.

A postmaster is required to give notice to the postmaster, and a copy of the paper to the postmaster to the publisher.

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No evidence of intentional fraud.

NOTICE.

The immense crowd which attended the circus on the 20th ult., was estimated at from twenty-five hundred to three thousand persons; in fact the crowd was so completely jammed together and the heat of the day so intense, you could not have enjoyed the sparkling wit of Dan Rice in his patient days had he been here. The very was continually quit swaying and down in front. However, the day passed off without a fight or a serious difficulty, but five or six men were seen in a "swinging way, spending their money free." Much of the exhibition did not meet the approval of our citizens, and of course some were disappointed whilst others were pleased and satisfied. We were present and pronounced the performance good, and taking everything into consideration the "big show," with its rare collection of wild animals and excellent male, was as entertaining as any county deserves that cannot boast of a single turnpike road. We advised our friends to come and see the elephant, but when they arrived and learned that he had made his escape and returned to his native land, per the Cincinnati railway, many, under excitement and acting from the impulse of the moment, did the very thing which we advised them not to do, we told them not to fight the tiger, but in so soon as the canvas was closed in the afternoon the alluring, tempting monster was turned loose upon our public square (in violation of the law) in the shape of a basket full of little blue bats, containing pen points, one dollar, ten dollars and twenty dollar bills, and more than this one of the bats contained a one hundred dollar bill, because they saw the master of his own trick put it there and shake it up with the balance, but the feels it never went there, and who would not give the small sum of fifty cents for a chance; the shrewd trickster could not basic his basket around fast enough to supply the demand; he sold these by the hundred.

Young men are there and old gray heads were there spending their money, showing that the hope of gain, and the power of avarice knows no bounds.

The horse containing the \$10 and \$20 were drawn, which we knew was a sham and a trick to the trickster, and little did we think that we had men in our midst who would compromise their honor, and make themselves tools and accomplices in the hands of a stranger and swindler for the purpose of enticing their unsuspecting neighbor and friend into a trickster's snare. Yet we must say experience teaches the best lesson, and we trust many of our friends left the \$100 bill when it not better known, but still unconquerable. We are glad to be able to say our injuries were not serious, and also we are almost entirely restored.... Since Crook's brief visit to Lincoln the laws of Nature seem to have been repealed, Will R. Jones has demonstrated the ignorance of our people to Lincoln during the past few days. Five young ladies undertook to make an excursion in a spring wagon, and succeeded very well until they were nearly home, when, on a sharp grade, the harness gave way, the heels of the horse ignored the laws of gravitation, spurned the earth and shattered the front of the vehicle, and then commenced a race heels up, wheels down.

Four of the passengers precipitated themselves, in various attitudes, upon the bosom of mother earth without damaging the old lady, or anybody else, much. Miss Burle Scott still held the reins, and, in a mad course of about a mile, made "time" unprecedented. A sudden lurch of the wagon then hurled her from her seat, and she, who started on in airy flight of the tallest young ladies of the county, arose bruised, and bleeding, and stunned, but still unconquerable. We are glad to be able to say her injuries were not serious, and also we are almost entirely restored.... Since Crook's brief visit to Lincoln the laws of Nature seem to have been repealed, Will R. Jones has demonstrated the ignorance of our people to Lincoln during the past few days. Five young ladies undertook to make an excursion in a spring wagon, and succeeded very well until they were nearly home, when, on a sharp grade, the harness gave way, the heels of the horse ignored the laws of gravitation, spurned the earth and shattered the front of the vehicle, and then commenced a race heels up, wheels down.

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INTERIOR JOURNAL.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 8, 1873.

A CLOSE SHOT.

Where the Kentucky river cuts its way through the mountains, having upon either bank bold, rugged cliffs and undergrowth, and as he dashed out into the clearing, holding his rifle ready for instant use, he comprehended in a swift glance, all that had taken place and was fitter to fear.

Near the end of the cabin, facing the cliff of which I have spoken stood the mother, her face white as the dead, her arms outstretched, and her staring eyes fixed upon the precipitous height upon which the form of an Indian warrior was struggling.

"My child, my child!" was all the woman said, and then Rufus Branson saw that the bundle borne in the Indian's arms was the form of their only child, little Maggie.

Although greatly exposed to danger—the Indians at that time being plentiful throughout the region—he managed to live quietly for many years.

The Indians frequently visited the house of the rude hunter, being always welcomed and provided with such food as might be in the larder, they maintained a very friendly attitude.

Especially were they fond of the child Maggie, and more than one fierce warrior had been seen sitting on the grass in front of the cabin listening to the childish prattle of the little one or else engaged in making some toy or plaything from twigs or bark.

In this manner several years had been passed, and Rufus Branson came to feel as secure as though he was in the walls of a frontier fort.

One evening Branson and his wife were seated near the door-way when suddenly a shadow fell across the threshold, and the next moment, a tall savage, whose resounding form and blood-shot eye, told that he was intoxicated, appeared, staggered to the log steps and threw himself upon them.

His first demands were for "fire-water," which were, of course, refused on the plea that there was not any of it in the house.

The Indian became cross and ugly, swearing with terrible oaths that if the liquor was not produced he would murder the household.

Branson was a brave man, and although he dreaded the necessity, yet he saw that he would be compelled to take prompt steps to prevent the savage from executing his threats. Waiting until the warrior had made a demonstration—which he soon did by attempting to draw his tomahawk—Branson sprang upon him, knocked him down by a blow of his fist, and then disarmed and bound him where he lay. After a few minutes of futile efforts to free himself, the savage rolled over and sunk into a drunken slumber.

He did not awake until next morning but before he did so the settler had quietly removed his bonds and restored the weapons, which he laid by the sleeper's side.

The savage, on waking, rose slowly to his feet, felt his wrists, as though the thong had left a feeling there, took up his weapons, and, without speaking a word, left him and disappeared in the timber that stood near.

"What do you think of that?" asked the wife, turning to the husband, with a scared look.

"Pashaw! Don't trouble yourself about the drunken brute," answered the settler lightly, but as he turned away, and stepped into the bed, he muttered: "Like it! Well, not much. The fellow must be watched. I was in hopes he would not have remembered; but that lump, where my fist landed, was enough if nothing else, to recall the circumstance."

The summer passed; they saw the drunkard guest no more. He failed to make his appearance. But as the leaves began to fall, the settler, one day, while returning from hunting on the hills, and passing through a dense piece of timber, caught sight of a figure lurking in the bushes but which quickly disappeared when he advanced toward the spot where it was.

The figure was that of the Indian warrior, and Rufus Branson would have sworn that it was the Indian whom he had knocked down and bound during the previous summer. The knowledge was not in any way comforting, hence did tell his wife of the discovery. She merely told her he had discovered bear tracks near by, and she and the child must stay within or close to the house when he was absent.

Several days afterward, Rufus Branson heard his dogs in the timber, down by the river, and knowing that they never opened without good cause, he caught up his rifle, and hastened to where they were barking. They had struck a fresh bear trail, and as he arrived in sight they quickly lifted it going on in a straight line down the river.

The chase had led him several miles, and when at last he got in his shot, that finished bruiser's career, he found that it was three or four o'clock in the afternoon.

Swinging his game to a sapping, cut of reach of cat or wolf, he started for home to get the old gray mare and return and fetch it that night. Taking a cut, he approached the cabin from the western side, where the timber grew heavy up to within a few rods of the building, and consequently he could not see the clearing or what might be transpiring there, until he had passed through the wood.

It was that when within but a very short distance of his home he heard a wild piercing shriek; he could guess that something terrible was taking place beyond the screen of bushes and heavy woods.

Uttering a loud shout that his presence might sooner be made known, Branson sprang forward with the leap of a wounded hawk, a great fear at his heart,

DICKET'S VOW.

A PARODY.

BY CRUTERBANK.

Epitaph.—Is there nothing in life but misery?—None I've the world—Subpoena.

Hear what Dickie Burnell said—

"The widow C—I will not wed, Should all the free of nature die, And none be left but she and I. For all the gold, for all the gear, For all the land both far and near, That now exists, or ever will be, I would not wed the widow C."

"A youngster's vow," old Cato spoke, "Are lightly made and lightly broke; The laurel on the mountain height Begins to bloom in ruddy light; The frost wind soon shall sweep away That lustre deep from glen and frere; Yet Dickie, ere its bloom be free, May blithely wed the widow C."

"The gone," he said, "the piddlin's breast May barter for the old heu's nest;

Old Peaser's stream may backward turn— Ben Franklin fall and break his churn, Our pedagogue, when blood is high, Before their schools may turn and fly; Be I, should all these marvels be, Weeld never wed the widow C."

But he was quick to recover.

The Indian was drawing away; step by step he was increasing the distance, and as he occasionally glanced backward, the parents saw in his hideously painted countenance, the fell purpose that actuated the abdution.

"God and me!" Branson muttered as he raised his rifle, glanced through the sights, and touched the trigger.

The Indian started violently at the shot.

He was hit, but not badly, and with a yell of devilish triumph, he passed up.

"Low by a couple of inches," said a low, calm voice, at the settler's elbow.

Branson started as though he himself had been shot.

Where had that man come from? Who is he? Neither had seen his approach.

But there was no time for explanation. The stranger, a man rather below than above the ordinary height, whose fine, athletic form was fully displayed by his closely fitting buckskin garments, stepped forward a few paces and grimly planting his left foot in advance, threw up an unusually long rifle as though preparing to fire.

"For God's sake, stranger, be careful of my child!" cried Branson, while the agonized mother muttered an inaudible prayer.

"It's our only chance. I know that Indian," was the quick reply, and the sharp click of the hammer as it was drawn back, told that the critical moment had come.

By this time the Indian had nearly reached the summit of the steep. That he was wounded now became evident, as upon a broad ledge of rock he rested a moment.

The opportunity was seized by the unknown.

Although the savage had taken the precaution to hold the child up in front of himself as a shield, covering nearly the whole of his brawny chest, but leaving his head uncovered, the stranger did not hesitate in making the shot. For one second, as it gained its position, the rifle wavered, and then instantly became as immovable as though held with a vice. With clasped hands and straining eyes the parents watched that statue-like form upon whose skill so much depended.

Suddenly a loud report rang out, the white smoke drifted away, and as the vision became clear, they saw the savage loose his hold upon the child, rear wildly for an instant, and then pitched forward upon the rocks. It may be imagined that the father was not long in reaching the place where the child lay, and in a few moments more the little one was in its mother's arms.

"Tell us who you are, that we may know what name to mingle in our prayers," said the mother, as the stranger prepared to depart.

"My name is DANIEL BOONE," he said, and was gone.

for he had only too clearly recognized in that scream the agonized voice of his wife. It took but a few moments for him to clear the intervening timber and undergrowth, and as he dashed out into the clearing, holding his rifle ready for instant use, he comprehended in a swift glance, all that had taken place and was fitter to fear.

Near the end of the cabin, facing the cliff of which I have spoken stood the mother, her face white as the dead, her arms outstretched, and her staring eyes fixed upon the precipitous height upon which the form of an Indian warrior was struggling.

"My child, my child!" was all the woman said, and then Rufus Branson saw that the bundle borne in the Indian's arms was the form of their only child, little Maggie.

Although greatly exposed to danger—the Indians at that time being plentiful throughout the region—he managed to live quietly for many years.

The Indians frequently visited the house of the rude hunter, being always welcomed and provided with such food as might be in the larder, they maintained a very friendly attitude.

Especially were they fond of the child Maggie, and more than one fierce warrior had been seen sitting on the grass in front of the cabin listening to the childish prattle of the little one or else engaged in making some toy or plaything from twigs or bark.

In this manner several years had been passed, and Rufus Branson came to feel as secure as though he was in the walls of a frontier fort.

One evening Branson and his wife were seated near the door-way when suddenly a shadow fell across the threshold, and the next moment, a tall savage, whose resounding form and blood-shot eye, told that he was intoxicated, appeared, staggered to the log steps and threw himself upon them.

His first demands were for "fire-water," which were, of course, refused on the plea that there was not any of it in the house.

The Indian became cross and ugly, swearing with terrible oaths that if the liquor was not produced he would murder the household.

Branson was a brave man, and although he dreaded the necessity, yet he saw that he would be compelled to take prompt steps to prevent the savage from executing his threats. Waiting until the warrior had made a demonstration—which he soon did by attempting to draw his tomahawk—Branson sprang upon him, knocked him down by a blow of his fist, and then disarmed and bound him where he lay. After a few minutes of futile efforts to free himself, the savage rolled over and sunk into a drunken slumber.

He did not awake until next morning but before he did so the settler had quietly removed his bonds and restored the weapons, which he laid by the sleeper's side.

The savage, on waking, rose slowly to his feet, felt his wrists, as though the thong had left a feeling there, took up his weapons, and, without speaking a word, left him and disappeared in the timber that stood near.

"What do you think of that?" asked the wife, turning to the husband, with a scared look.

"Pashaw! Don't trouble yourself about the drunken brute," answered the settler lightly, but as he turned away, and stepped into the bed, he muttered: "Like it! Well, not much. The fellow must be watched. I was in hopes he would not have remembered; but that lump, where my fist landed, was enough if nothing else, to recall the circumstance."

The summer passed; they saw the drunkard guest no more. He failed to make his appearance. But as the leaves began to fall, the settler, one day, while returning from hunting on the hills, and passing through a dense piece of timber, caught sight of a figure lurking in the bushes but which quickly disappeared when he advanced toward the spot where it was.

The figure was that of the Indian warrior, and Rufus Branson would have sworn that it was the Indian whom he had knocked down and bound during the previous summer. The knowledge was not in any way comforting, hence did tell his wife of the discovery. She merely told her he had discovered bear tracks near by, and she and the child must stay within or close to the house when he was absent.

Several days afterward, Rufus Branson heard his dogs in the timber, down by the river, and knowing that they never opened without good cause, he caught up his rifle, and hastened to where they were barking. They had struck a fresh bear trail, and as he arrived in sight they quickly lifted it going on in a straight line down the river.

The chase had led him several miles, and when at last he got in his shot, that finished bruiser's career, he found that it was three or four o'clock in the afternoon.

Swinging his game to a sapping, cut of reach of cat or wolf, he started for home to get the old gray mare and return and fetch it that night. Taking a cut, he approached the cabin from the western side, where the timber grew heavy up to within a few rods of the building, and consequently he could not see the clearing or what might be transpiring there, until he had passed through the wood.

It was that when within but a very short distance of his home he heard a wild piercing shriek; he could guess that something terrible was taking place beyond the screen of bushes and heavy woods.

Uttering a loud shout that his presence might sooner be made known, Branson sprang forward with the leap of a wounded hawk, a great fear at his heart,

STATE ITEMS.

A SCOTTISHMAN.

BY CRUTERBANK.

Epitaph.—Is there nothing in life but misery?—None I've the world—Subpoena.

Hear what Dickie Burnell said—

"The widow C—I will not wed, Should all the free of nature die, And none be left but she and I. For all the gold, for all the gear, For all the land both far and near, That now exists, or ever will be, I would not wed the widow C."

"A youngster's vow," old Cato spoke,

"Are lightly made and lightly broke;

The laurel on the mountain height

Begins to bloom in ruddy light;

The frost wind soon shall sweep away

That lustre deep from glen and frere;

Yet Dickie, ere its bloom be free,

May blithely wed the widow C."

"The gone," he said, "the piddlin's breast

May barter for the old heu's nest;

Old Peaser's stream may backward turn—

Ben Franklin fall and break his churn,

Our pedagogue, when blood is high,

Before their schools may turn and fly;

Be I, should all these marvels be,

Weeld never wed the widow C."

But he was quick to recover.

The Indian was drawing away; step by step he was increasing the distance, and as he occasionally glanced backward,

the parents saw in his hideously painted countenance, the fell purpose that actuated the abdution.

Four horses standing under a tree in

Garrard county, during a recent storm,

were instantly killed by a stroke of lightning.

The "election squib" in our last week's

exchanges were of the highest order of

wit, and furnish mighty interesting reading.

THE BACHELORS' CLUB, of Taylorsville,

has made a "cortege" in the matrimonial market.

No marriage license issued in

Spencer county from May 23d to July

28th.

ADAIR county claims the oldest inhab-

itant, William Frian, age 100.

He was seventeen years old when the last draft

was made in Virginia during the "old

British war."

SEVERAL families in Franklin county

have been made sick from eating bread

made of the new wheat flour.

If the wheat proves "sickly," starvation stares

Franklin county people in the face, as

the Patriot reports that the corn crop

will not average over three barrels to

the acre.

PAULSBURG, Va.,

is endeavoring to establish a Nursery

in Lincoln county, and now have about

10,000 young trees, over 100